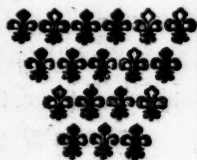


REVENGE
FOR
HONOUR.
A
TRAGEDY.

BY
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to
be sold at his shop, at the *Prince's Armes*
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. 1659.

REVENGE

FOR

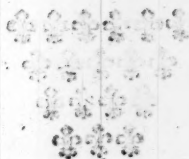
HONOUR.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



LONDON,

Printed for Alexander Mole, and are to
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in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1652.



The Persons Acting.

Almanzor Caliph of Arabia.

Abilqualit his eldest Son.

Abrahen his Son by a second Wife,
Brother to *Abilqualit*.

Tarifa an old General Conqueror of
Spain, Tutor to *Abilqualit*.

Mura a rough Lord, a Souldier, Kins-
man by his Mother, to *Abrahen*.

Simanthes a Court-Lord, allyed to
Abrahen.

Selintus an honest, merrie Court
Lord.

Mesithes a Court Eunuch, Attendants
on *Abilqualit*.

Osman a Captain to *Tarifa*.

Gafelles another Captain.

Caropia Wife to *Mura*, first beloved of
Abrahen, then of *Abilqualit*.

Perilinda her Woman.

Souldiers, Guard.

Muts, Attendants.

PROLOGUE.

Our Author thinks 'tis not iⁿ the power of Wit,
 Invention, Art, nor Industrie, that fits
 The several phantasies which in this Age
 With a predominant humour rule the Stage.
 Some men cry out for Satyr, others chuse
 Meerly to story to confine each Muse's
 Most like no Play, but such as gives large birth
 To that which they judiciously term mirth.
 Nor wil the best works with their liking err,
 Except 't be grac'd with part of foole or clown.
 Hard and severe the task is then to write,
 So as may please each various appetite.
 Our Author hopes, though, that in this Play,
 He has endeavour'd so, he justly may
 Gain liking from you all, unless those few
 Who wil dislike, be't we're so good, so new;
 The rather Gentlemen he hopes, cause I
 Am a main Actor in this Tragedie:
 You've grac'd me sometimes in another Sphere,
 And I do hope you'l not dislike me here.



REVENGE FOR HONOUR

ACTUS PRIMUS. Scena I.

Enter Selimhus, Gaselles, and Osman.

Sel.

NO murmurings, Noble Captains.

Gas.

Murmurings, Cosen?

this Peace is worse to men of war and action
then fasting in the face o'th' so, or lodging
on the cold earth. Give me the Camp, say I,
where in the Sutlers palace on pay-day
we may the precious liquor quaff, and kisse
his buxome wife; who though she be not clad
in Persian Silks, or costly Tyrian Purples,
has a clean skin, soft thighes, and wholesome corps,
fit for the traylor of the puissant Pike,
to sollace in delight with.

Of. Here in your lewd Citie,
the Harlots do avoid us sons o'th' Sword,
worse then a severe Officer. Besides,
here men o'th' Shop can gorge their mustie maws
with the delicious Capon, and fat limbs
of Mutton large enough to be held shoulders
o'th' Ram anconge the 12 Signes, while for pure want
your souldier oft dines at the charge o'th' dead,
'mong tombs in the great Mosque.

Sel. 'Tis beleev'd Coz,
and by the wisest few too, that i'th' Camp
you do not feed on pleasant poults; a sallad,

and

and without oyl or vinegar, appeases
sometimes your guts, although they keep more noise
then a large pool ful of ingendering frogs.

Then for accoutrements, you wear the Buff,
as you believ'd it heresie to change
for linnen: Surely most of yours is spent
in linn, to make long tents for your green wounds
after an onslaugh.

Gaf. Coz. these are sad truths,
incident to fraile mortals!

Sel. You yet crie
out with more eagernesse still for new wars,
then women for new fashions.

Of. 'Tis confels'd,
Peace is more opposite to my nature, then
the running ach in the rich Usurers feet,
when he roars out, as if he were in hel
before his time. Why, I love mischief, Coz,
when one may do't securely; to cut throats
with a licentious pleasure; when good men
and true o'th Jurie, with their frostie beards;
shall not have power to give the noble wrong hand,
which has the Steele defied, to th' hanging mercy
of the ungracious cord.

Sel. Gentlemen both,
and Cozens mine, I do believe 't much pity,
to strive to reconvert you from the faith
you have been bred in: though your large discourse
and praise, wherein you magnifie your Mistress,
Warr, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets,
to sleep upon a turfe. But pray say, Cozen,
How do you like your General, Prince,
is he a right Mars?

Gaf. As if his Nurse had lapt him
in swadling clouts of Steele; a very *Hector*
and *Alcibiades*.

Sel. It seems he does not relish
these boasted sweets of warre: for all his triumphs,
he is reported melancholy.

Of. Want of exercise
renders all men of actions, dul as dormise;
your Souldier only can dance to the Drum,
and sing a Hymn of joy to the sweet Trumpet:
there's no musick like it.

Revenge for Honour.

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Enter Abraben, Mura, and Simanthes.

Ab. I'll know the cause,
he shall deny me hardly else.

Mu. His melancholy,
known whence it rises once, 't may much conduce
to help our purpose.

Gaf. Pray Coz. what Lords are these?
they seem as ful of plot, as Generals
are in Siege, they're very serious.

Sel. That young Stripling
is our great Emperors son, by his last wife:
that in the rich Imbroiderys, the Court *Hermes*;
one that has hatcht more projects, then the ovens
in Egypt chickens; the other, though they call
friends, his meer opposite Planet *Mars*,
one that does put on a reserv'd gravitie,
which some call wisdom, the rough Souldier *Mura*,
Governour i'th' *Morocco's*.

Of. Him we've heard of
before: but Cozen, shal that man of trust,
thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements?
hast thou tane order for them?

Sel. Yes, yes, you shal
flourish in fresh habiliments; but you must
promise me not to ingage your corporal oathes:
you will see't satisfied at the next press,
out of the profits that arise from ransome
of those rich yeomans heires, that dare not look
the fierce foe in the face.

Gaf. Doubt not our truths,
though we be given much to contradictions,
we wil not pawn oaths of that nature.

Sel. Wel then, this note does fetch the garments:
meet me Cozens anon at Supper.

Exeunt Gaf. Of.

Of. Honourable Coz. we wil come give our thanks.

Enter Abilquatis

Ab. My gracious brother,
make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,
to consume all your honors in close retirements;
perhaps since you from *Spain* return'd a victor,
with (the worlds conqueror) *Alexander*, you greive:
Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish;
if't be so, Princely brother, we'le bear part

in

Revenge for Honour.

in your heroique melancholy.

Abil. Gentle youth.

press me no farther, I stil hold my temper
free and unshaken, only some fond thoughts
of trivial moment, cal my faculties
to private meditations.

Sim. Howsoever your Hignesse
does please to term them, 'tis meer melancholy,
which next to sin, is the greatest maladie
that can oppress mans soul.

Sel. They say right:

and that your Grace may see what a meer madnesse,
a very mid-summer frenzy, 'tis to be
melancholy, for any man that wants no monie,
I (with your pardon) wil discusse unto you
all sorts, all sizes, persons and conditions,
that are infected with it; and the reasons
why it in each arises.

Ab. Learned *Selintus*,
Let's tast of thy Philosophie.

Mu. Pish, 'Tis unwelcome
to any of judgment, this fond prate:
I marvel that our Emperor dos permit
fools to abound ith' Court!

Sel. What makes your grave Lordship
in it, I do beseech you? But Sir, mark me,
the kernel of the text enucleated,
I shall confute, refute, repel, refel,
explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish
like a rush candle, this same heresie,
that is shot up like a pernicious Mushroom,
to poison true humanitie.

Ab. You shall stay and hear a lecture read
on your disease; you shal, as I love virtue.

Sel. First the cause then
from whence this *flatus Hypochondriacus*,
this glimmering of the gizard (for in wild fowl,
'tis term'd so by *Hypocrates*) arises,
is as *Averroes* and *Avicen*,
with *Abenbucar*, *Baruch* and *Abossii*,
and all the Arabick writers have affirm'd,
a meer defect, that is as we interpret, a want of

Abil. Of what, *Selintus*?

Sel. Of wit, and please your Highnesse,

that

Revenge for Honour.

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That is the cause in gen^lral, for particular and special causes, they are all deriv'd from severall wants; yet they must be considerd, pondred, perpended, or premeditated.

Sim. My Lord, y^ad best be brief, your Patient will be wearie else.

Sel. I cannot play the fool rightly, I mean, the Physician without I have licence to expleat

on the disease. But (my good Lord) more briefly, I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom and no Physician, who deal all in simples, why men are melancholy. First, for your Courties,

Sim. It concerns us all to be attentive, Sir.

Sel. Your sage and serious Courtier, who does walk with a State face, as he had drest himself ith' Emperors glasse, and had his beard turn'd up by the' irons Roial, he will be as penfive as Stallion after Catum, when he wants suits, begging suits, I mean. Me thinks, (my Lord) you are grown something solemn on the sudden; since your Monopolies and Patents, which made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better to confesse here, then in a worser place. Is it not so indeed?

Abil. What ere he does by mine, I'm sure h^as hit the cause from whence your grief springs, Lord *Simanthos*.

Sel. No *Egyptian* Soothsayer has truer inspirations, then your small Courtiers from causes and wants manifold; as when the Emperors count'nance with propitious noise does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is with Mercer, nor with Tailor; nay sometimes too the humor's pregnant in him, when repulse is given him by a Beautie: I can speak this though from no *Memphian* Priest, or sage *Caldean*, from the best *Mistres* (Gentlemen) an Experience. Last night I had a mind t^a comly *Semstres*, who did refuse me, and behold, ere since how like an *Als* I look.

Enter Tarifa.

Tar. What, at your Counsels, Lords? the great *Almanzor* requires your presence, *Mura*; has decree'd

the Warr for *Persia*. You (my gracious Lord)
 Prince *Abilqualet*, are appointed Chief:
 And you, brave spirited *Abraben*, an Assistant
 to your victorious Brother: You, Lord *Mura*,
 destin'd Lieutenant General.

Abil. And must I march against the foe, without
 thy company? I relish not th' employment.

Tar. Alas, my Lord,
Tarifa's head's grown white beneath his helmet;
 and your good Father thought it charity
 to spare mine age from travel: though this ease
 will be more irksome to me than the toil
 of war in a sharp winter.

Abr. It arrives just to our wish. My gracious brother, I
 anon shall wait on you: mean time, valiant *Mura*,
 let us attend my Father. *Exeunt Ab. Mura, Sim.*

Abil. Good *Selinthus*,
 vouchsafe a while your absence, I shall have
 employment shortly for your trust.

Sel. Your Grace shall have as much power to command
Selinthus, as his best fanci'd Mistress. I am your creature. *Exit.*

Tar. Now, my Lord,
 I hope y^e are cloath'd with all those resolutions
 that usher glorious minds to brave achievements.
 The happy genius on your youth attendant
 declares it built for Victories and Triumphs;
 and the proud *Persian* Monarchie, the sole
 emulous opposer of the Arabique Greatnesse,
 courts (like a fair Bride) your Imperial Arms,
 waiting t' invest You Sovereigne of her beauties.
 Why are you dull (my Lord?) Your cheerful looks
 should with a prosp'rous augury presage
 a certain Victory: when you droop already,
 as if the foe had ravish'd from your Crest
 the noble Palm. For shame (Sir) be more sprightly;
 your sad appearance, should they thus behold you,
 would half unsoul your Army,

Abil. 'Tis no matter,
 Such looks best sute my fortune. Know (*Tarifa*)
 I'm undispos'd to manage this great Voiage,
 and must not undertake it.

Tar. Must not, Sir!
 Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes
 are fixt on marriage, on his bridal night

should

Revenge for Honour.

M

should in soft slumbers languish? that your Arms
should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge,
and see before you the triumphant Prize
destin'd to adorn your Valour? You should rather
be furnish'd with a power above these passions;
and being invoc'd by the mighty charm of Honour,
sue to achieve this war, not undertake it.
I'd rather you had said, *Tarifa* ly'd,
then utter'd such a sound, harsh and unwelcome.

Abil. I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I
to any born of woman, speak my intentions,
the fatal cause which does withdraw my courage
from this employment, which like health I covet,
thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But (*Tarifa*)
the said discov'ry of it is not fit
for me to utter, much lesse for thy vertue
to be acquainted with.

Tar. Why (my Lord?)
my loyaltie can merit no suspicion
from you of falshood: whatsoever the cause be
or good, or wicked, 't meets a trustie silence,
and my best care and honest counsel shall
indeavour to reclaim, or to assist you
if it be good, if ill, from your bad purpose.

Abil. Why, that I know (*Tarifa*). 'Tis the love
thou bear'st to honour, renders thee unapt
to be partaker of those resolutions
that by compulsion keep me from this Voiage:
For they with such inevitable sweetnesse
invade my sense, that though in their performance
my Fame and Vertue even to death do languish,
I must attempt, and bring them unto act,
or perish i'th' pursuance.

Tar. Heaven avert
a mischief so prodigious. Though I would not
with over-sawcie boldnesse presse your counsels;
yet pardon (Sir) my Loialtie, which timorous
of your lov'd welfare, must intreat, beseech you
with ardent love and reverence, to disclose
the hidden cause that can estrange your courage
from its own *Mars*, with-hold you from this Action
so much ally'd to honour: Pray reveal it:
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious,
I do implore it; for my faith in breeding

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your youth in wars great rudiments, relieve
Tarifa's fears; that wander into strange
 unwelcome doubts, lest some ambitious frenzy
 'gainst your imperial fathers dignitie
 has late seduc'd your goodness.

Abr. No, *Tarifa*,

I ne're durst aim at that unholy height
 in viperous wickednesse; a sinlesse, harmlesse
 (ist can be truly term'd one) 'tis my soul
 labours even to dispaire with: t'faine would our,
 did not my blushes interdict my language:
 'tis unchast love, *Tarifa*; nay, tak't all,
 and when thou hast it, pity my misfortunes,
 to fair *Caropia*, the chaste, vertuous wife
 to surly *Mura*.

Tar. What a fool Desire is!

with Giant strengths it makes us court the knowledge
 of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,
 far more inconstant then the air, it fleets
 into new wishes, that the coveted secret
 had slept still in oblivion.

Abil. I was certaine

'twould fright thy innocence, and look to be
 besieged with strong dissuasions from my purpose:
 but be assur'd, that I have tir'd my thoughts
 with all the rules that teach men moral goodnesse,
 so to reclaime them from this love-sick looseness;
 but they (like wholesome medicines misapplied)
 fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitlesse.
 Though I as wel may hope to kiss the Sun-beams
 'cause they shine on me, as from her to gaine
 one glance of comfort; yet my mind, that pities
 it self with constant tendernesse, must needs
 revolve the cause of its calamity,
 and melt i'th' pleasure of so sweet a sadness.

Tar. Then y'are undone for ever; Sir, undone
 beyond the help of counsell or repentance.
 'Tis most ignoble, that a mind unshaken
 by fear, should by a vain desire be broken;
 or that those powers no labour e're could vanquish,
 should be overcome and thral'd by sordid pleasure.
 Pray (Sir) consider, that in glorious war,
 which makes Ambition (by base men termed sin)
 a big and gallant Virtue, y'ave been nurt'd,

lull'd (as it were) into your infant sleeps
by th' surly noise o'th' trumpet, which now summons
you to victorious use of your indowments :
and shall a Mistresse stay you ! such a one too ;
as to attempt, then war it self's more dangerous !

Abil. All these perswasions are to as much purpose,
as you should strive to reinvest with peace,
and all the joyes of health and life, a soul
condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.

No (my *Tarifa*) though through all disgraces,
losse of my honour, fame, nay hope for Empire,
I should be forc'd to wade to obtain her love ;
those seas of mischief would be pleasing streams,
which I would hast to bath in, and passe through them
with that delight thou would'st to victory,
or slaves long chain'd to th' oare, to sudden freedom.

Tar. Were you not *Abilqualis*, from this time then
our friendships (like two rivers from one head
rising) should wander a dissever'd course,
and never meet againe, unlesse to quarrel.
Nay, old and stiffe, now as my iron garments,
were you my son, my sword should teach your wildness
a swift way to repentance. Y'are my Prince,
on whom all hopes depend ; think on your Father,
that lively Image of majestick goodness,
who never yet wrong'd Matron in his lust,
or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture
your Father, Countrie, Army, by my mouth
beseech your pietie to an early pittie
of your yet unslain Innocence. No attention !
Farwel: my praiers shall wait you, though my Counsels
be thus despi'd. Farwel Prince !

Exit.

Abil. 'Las good man, he weeps.
Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes
once when ye lost a battel. Why should I
put off my Reason, Valor, Honour, Virtue,
in hopes to gain a Beautie, whose possession
renders me more incapable of peace,
then I am now I want it ? Like a sweet,
much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted,
but it's delicious luxury's forgotten.
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,
there is no law, but what's prescribed by Love,
Natures first moving Organ; nor can ought

what

what Nature dictates to us be held vicious,
 On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,
 like an adventrous Mariner, that knows
 storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,
 strive to obtain this happy Port. *Mesfiter*
 (Loves cunning Advocate) does for me besiege
 (with gifts and vows) her Chastitie. She is
 compass'd with flesh, that's not invulnerable,
 and may by Love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand
 firm, whom no art can bring to Love's command.

Enter Abraham,

Abr. My gracious brother!

Abil. Dearest *Abraham*, welcome.

Tis certainly decreed by our dread Father,
 we must both march against th' insulting foe.
 How does thy youth, yet uninvinc'd to travel,
 relish the Imploiment?

Abr. War is sweet to those
 that never have experienc'd it. My youth
 cannot desire in that big Art a nobler
 Tutor then you (my Brother.) Like an Eglet
 following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps
 trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow
 a branch, when your head's cover'd ore with Lawrel,
 to deck my humbler temples.

Abil. I do know thee
 of valiant active soul; and though a youth,
 thy forward spirit merits the Command
 of Chief, rather then Second in an Armie.
 Would heaven our Roial Father had bestow'd
 on thee the Charge of General.

Abr. On me, Sir!

Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those Arts
 that do distinguish Valour from wild rashness.
 A Gen'ral (Brother) must have abler nerves
 of Judgment, then in my youth can be hop'd for.
 Your self already like a flourishing Spring
 teeming with early Victories, the Souldier
 expects should lead them to new Triumphs, as
 if you had vanquisht fortune.

Abil. I am not so
 ambitious (*Abraham*) of particular glories,
 but I would have those whom I love partake them.
 This *Persian* war, the last of the whole East

left to be managed, if I can persuade the great *Almanzor*, shall be the trophée of thy yet maiden Valour. I have done enough already to inform Succession, that *Abilqualis* durst on fiercest foes run to fetch Conquest home, and would have thy name as great as mine in Arms, that Historie might register, our Familie abounded with Heroes, born for Victorie.

Abr. Tis an honour, which, though it be above my powers, committed to my direction, I would seek to manage with care above my yeers, and courage equal to his, that dares the horrid'st face of danger : But 'tis your noble courtesie would thrust this masc'line honor (far above his merits) on your regardless Brother; for my Father, he has no thought tending to your intentions ; nor though your goodness should desire, would hardly be won to yeild consent to them.

Abil. Why, my *Abraben*, w're both his sons, and should be both alike dear to's affections ; and though birth hath given me the larger hopes and Titles, 'twere unnatural, should he not strive t' indow thee with a portion apted to the magnificence of his Off-spring. But thou perhaps art timorous, lest thy first essayes of valour should meet fate disastrous. The bold are Fortunes darlings. If thou hast courage to venture on this great imploiment, doubt not, I shall prevail upon our Father t' ordain thee Chief in this brave hopefull Voiage.

Abr. You imagine me beyond all thought of gratitude ; and doubt not that I'll deceive your trust. The glorious Ensignes waving i'th' air once, like so many Comets, shall speak the Persians funerals, on whose ruines we'll build to Fame and Victorie new temples, which shall like Pyramids preserve our memories, when we are chang'd to ashes.

Abil. Be sure, continue in this brave minde ; I'll instantly sollicite our Father to confirm thee in the Charge of General. I'll about it.

Exit.

Abr.

Abr. Farewel gracious Brother.

This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool,
I see through thy intents, clear, as thy soul
were as transparent as thin air or Cristal.

He would have me remov'd, march with the Armie,
that he mean time might make a sure defeat
on our aged fathers life and Empire: 't must
be certain as the light. Why should not his
with equall heat, be like my thoughts, ambitious?
Be they as harmles as the prai's of Virgins,
I'll work his ruine out of his intentions.

He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and Greatnesse:
Greatnesse, the wise mans true felicity,
Honour's direct inheritance. My youth
wil quit suspicion of my subtil practice:
then have I surly *Mura* and *Simanthes*,
my allyes by my dead Mothers blood, my assistants,
his Eunuch too *Mesibes* at my service.

Simanthes shall inform the King, the people
desire Prince *Abilqualis*'s stay; and *Mura*
whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,
make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my half Brother,
th' other's my Father; names, meer airie titles!
Soveraigntie's onely sacred, Greatnesse goodnesse,
true self-affection Justice, every thing
righteous that's helpfull to create a King.

Enter Mura, Simanthes.

Abr. My trustie friends, y'are welcome:
our fate's above our wishes; *Abilqualis*
by whatso'ere pow'r mov'd to his own ruine,
would fain inforce his charge of General on me,
and stay at home.

Sim. Why, how can this conduce
t' advance our purpose?

Abr. Tis the mainest engine
could ever move to ruine him. *Simanthes*,
you shall inform our Father, tis the people
out of their tender love desires his stay.
You (*Mura*) shall infer my Brothers greatnesse
with people; out of it, how nice it is and dangerous.
The air is open here; come, wee'll discourse
with more secure privacie our purpose.
Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to advance
us to a Kingdom; that's the height of chance.

ACTUS

ACTUS SECUNDUS. Scena 1.

Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes.

Al. **H**OW? not go, *Simanthes*?

Sim. My dread Sovereign,
I speak but what the well affected people
out of their loyal care and pious duty
injoyn'd me utter: they do look upon him
as on your eldest Son, and next Successor,
and would be loth the *Persian War* should rob
their eies of light, their souls of joy and comfort,
this flourishing Empire leave as it were widow'd
of its lov'd Spouse: They humbly do beseech
your Majesty would therefore destine some
more fitting General, whose loss (as heaven
avert such a misfortune) should it happen,
might lesse concern the State.

Al. 'Tis not the least
among the blessings Heaven has show'd upon us,
that we are happie in such loving Subjects,
to govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,
we leave them a Successor whom they truly reverence:
A loving people and a loving Sovereign
makes Kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing,
But I beleeve (*Simanthes*) their intents,
though we confirm them, will scarce take effect:
My Abisqualis (like a Princely Lion,
in view of's prey) wil scarcely be orecom
to leave the honour of the *Persian War*,
in's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour,
and rest in lazy quiet, while that Triumph
is ravish'd by another.

Sim. With the pardon
of your most sacred Majestie, 'tis fit then
your great commands forbid the Princes Voyage:
boldnesse inforces youth to hard atchievements
before their time, makes them run forth like Lapwings
from their warm nest, part of the shel yet sticking
unto their downie heads. Sir, good successe
is oft more fatal far then bad; our winning
cast from a flatz'ring Dis tempting a Gamester

to hazard his whole fortunes.

Mur. This is dull,
fruitless Philosophy; he that falls nobly
wins as much honour by his loss, as conquest.

Sim. This rule may hold well among common men,
but not 'mong Princes. Such a prince as ours is,
who knows as well to conquer mens affections
as he does enemies, should not be expos'd
to every new cause, honourable danger.
Prince *Abilqualis*'s fair and winning carriage
has stolne possession of the peoples hearts,
they doate on him since his late Spanish conquest,
as new made brides on their much coveted husbands;
and they would pine like melancholy turtles,
should they so soone lose the unvalued object
both of their love and reverence: Howsoe're,
what ere your awful wil (Sir) shall determine,
as heaven, is by their strict obedience
held sacred and religious.

Al. Good *Simanthes*, let them receive our thanks
for their true care of our dear *Abilqualis*.
Wee'l consider of their request, say.

Sim. Your highnesse humblest creature.

Exit.

Mu. I do not like this.

Al. Like what? Valiant *Mura*,
we know thy counsels so supremely wise,
and thy true heart so excellently faithful,
that whatsoere displeases thy sage Judgment,
Almanzor's wisdom must account distastful.
What is't dislikes thee?

Mu. Your Majestie knows me
a downright Souldier, I affect not words;
but to be brief, I relish not your son
should (as if you were in your tomb already)
ingross so much the giddie peoples favours.
'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you
to suffer it.

Al. Why, how can they, *Mura*,
Give a more serious testimony of reverence
to me, then by conferring their affections,
their pious wishes, zealous contemplations
on him that sits the nearest to my heart,
my *Abilqualis*, in whose hopeful virtues
my age more glorious then in all my conquests?

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Mu. May you prove fortunate in your pious care
of the Prince *Abilqualis*. But (my Lord)

Mura is not so prone to idle language
(the Parasits best ornament) to utter
ought, but what (if you'l please to give him audience
hee'l show you a blunt reason for.

Al. Come, I see
into thy thoughts, good *Mura*; too much care
of us, informs thy loyal soul with fears
the Princes too much popularity
may breed our danger: banish those suspicions;
neither dare they who under my long reign
have been triumphant in so many blessings,
have the least thought may tend to disobedience:
or if they had, my *Abilqualis*'s goodnesse
would ne're consent with them to become impious.

Mu. 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays
minds valiant to irreparable dangers.
Not that I dare invade with a foule thought
the noble Princes loyalty; but (my Lord)
when this same many headed beast (the people)
violent, and so not constant in affections,
subject to love of novelty, the sicknesse
proper t'all humane specially light natures,
do magnifie with too immoderate praises
the Princes actions, doate upon his presence,
nay chaine their souls to th' shadow of his foot-steps,
as all excesses ought to be held dangerous,
especially when they do aim at Scepters,
their too much dotage speaks, you in their wishes
are dead already, that their darling hope
the Prince might have the Throne once.

Al. 'Tis confests'd, all this a serious truth.

Mu. Their mad applauses.

oth 'noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous,
may force ambition into him, a mischief
Seasing the soul with too much craft and sweetness,
as pride or lust do's minds unstay'd and wanton:
'tmake s men like poyson'd rats, which when they've swallow'd
the pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
and can rest then much lesse, until they burst with't.

Al. Thy words are stil oraculous.

Mu. Pray then think
with what an easie toil the haughty Prince,

a demy God by th' popular acclamations,
 nay, the world's Sovereign in the vulgar wishes,
 had he a resolution to be wicked,
 might snatch this diadem from your aged temples?
 What law so holy, tye of blood so mightie,
 which for a Crown, minds sanctified and religious
 have not presum'd to violate? How much more then
 may the soul dazzling glories of a Scepter
 work in his youth, whose constitution's fierie,
 as overheated air, and has to fan it
 into a flame, the breath of love and praises
 blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.

Al. No more of this, good *Mura*.

Mu. They dare already limit your intentions,
 demand (as 'twere) with cunning zeal (which rightly
 interpreted, is insolence) the Princes
 abode at home. I wil not say it is,
 but I guess, 't may be their subtle purpose
 while we abroad fight for new kingdoms purchase
 depriv'd by that means of our faithful succors,
 they may deprive you of this crown, inforce
 upon the prince this Diadem; which however
 he may be loth t' accept, being once possessed of t
 and tasted the delights of supreme greatness,
 hee'l be more loath to part with. To prevent this,
 not that I think it wil, but that may happen,
 'tis fit the Prince march. I've observed in him too
 of late a sullen Melancholly, whence rising
 i'le not conjecture; only I should grieve, Sir,
 beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practise
 should take that from you which with loyal blood
 ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd.
 and now I have discharg'd my honest conscience
 censure on't as you please; henceforth I'me silent.

Al. Would thou hadst been so now, thy loyal fears
 have made me see how miserable a King is,
 whose rule depends on the vain people suffrage.
 Black now and horrid as the face of storms
 appears al *Abilqualits* lovely virtues,
 because to me they only make him dangerous,
 and with great terror shall behold those actions
 which with delight before we view'd, and dotage;
 like Mariners that bless the peaceful seas,
 which when suspected to grow up tempestuous,

they tremble at. Though he may stil be virtuous,
'tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice,
to keep a vigilant eie o're his proceedings
and the wild peoples purposes.

Enter Abil.

Al. Abilqualis!
come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

Abil. Rather, Sir, to beg
your gracious licence, I may stil at home
attend your dread commands, and that you'd please
to nominate my hopeful brother *Abraham*
(in lieu of me) chief of your now raised Forces
for th' *Persian* expedition.

Al. Dare you (Sir) presume to make this suit to us?
Abil. Why? (my roial Lord)

I hope this cannot pull your anger on
your most obedient Son: a true affection
to the young Prince my brother, did beget
this my request; I willingly would have
his youth adorn'd with glorie of this conquest.
No tree bears fruit in Autumn, 'less it blossome
first in the Spring: 'tis fit he were acquainted
in these soft years with military action,
that when grown perfect man, he may grow up too
perfect in warlike discipline.

Al. Hereafter
we shall by your appointment guide our Counsels.
Why do you not intreat me to resigne
my Crown, that you the peoples much lov'd minion
may with't impale your glorious brow? Sir, henceforth
or know your duty better, or your pride
shall meet our just wak'd anger. To your Charge,
and march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis
to disobey our pleasure. When y'are King,
learn to command your Subjects; I will mine (Sir.)
You know your Charge, perform it.

Exit Alm. and Mura.

Abil. I have done.

Our hopes (I see) resemble much the Sun,
that rising and declining cast large shadows;
but when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightnesse,
yeelds none at all: when they are farthest from
successe, their guilt reflection does display
the largest shows of events fair and prosp'rous.
With what a settled confidence did I promise

my self, my stay here, *Mura's* wish'd departure ?
 whenstead of these, I finde my fathers wrath
 destroying mine intentions. Such a fool
 is self-compassion, soothing us to faith
 of what we wish should hap, while vain desire
 of things we have not, makes us quite forget
 those w^e are possess'd of.

Enter Abrahen.

Abr. Alone the engine works
 beyond or hope or credit. How I hug
 with vast delight, beyond that of stoll pleasures
 forbidden Lovers taste, my darling Mistress,
 my active Brain ! If I can be thus subtle
 while a young Serpent, when grown up a Dragon
 how glorious shall I be in cunning practise ?
 My gracious brother !

Abil. Gentle *Abrahen*, I
 am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise :
 my Father's so averse from granting my
 request concerning thee, that with angrie frowns
 he did expresse rather a passionate rage,
 then a refusall civil, or accusom'd
 to his indulgent disposition.

Abr. Hee's our Father,
 and so the tyrant Custome doth inforce us
 to yeeld him that which fools call natural,
 when wise men know 'tis more then servile duty,
 a slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,
 be it nor just, nor honourable.

Abil. O my *Abrahen*,
 these sounds are unharmonious, as unlookt for
 from thy unblemish'd innocence : though he could
 put off paternal pietie, 't gives no priviledg
 for us to wander from our filial dutie :
 though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcom
 be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not
 presume to question them.

Abr. Not, if they concern
 our lives and fortunes ? 'Tis not for my self
 I urge these doubts ; but 'tis for you, who are
 my Brother, and I hope, must be my Sovereigne,
 my fears grow on me almost to distraction :
 Our Father's age betrayes him to a dotage,
 which may be dang'rous to your future safetie ;

he does suspect your loyaltie.

Abil. How, *Abraben*?

Ab. I knew 'twould start your innocence; but 'tis truth,
a sad and serious truth; nay his suspicion
almost arriv'd unto a settled faith
that y^e are ambitious.

Abil. 'Tis impossible.

Ab. The glorious shine of your illustrious vertues
are grown too bright and dazling for his eyes
to look on as he ought, with admiration;
and he with fear beholds them, as it were,
through a perspective, where each brave action
of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,
appears far greater then it is. In brief,
that love which you have purchas'd from the people
that sing glad Hymns to your victorious fortunes,
betraines you to his hate; and in this Voiage
which he inforces you to undertake,
he has set spies upon you.

Abil. 'Tis so: afflictions

do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,
but a whole Showre does follow. I observ'd
indeed, my *Abraben*, that his looks and language
was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not
imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.
Ye gods, why do you give us gifts and graces,
share your own attributes with men, your virtues,
when they betray them to worse hate then vices?
But *Abraben*, prithe reconfirm my feares
by testimonial how this can be truth;
for yet my innocence with too credulous trust
sooths up my soul, our father should not thus
put that off which does make him so, his sweetnesse,
to feed the irregular flames of false suspicions
and soul tormenting jealousies.

Ab. Why, to me,

to me (my Lord) he did with strong Injunctions
give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions.
My *Abraben* (quoth he) I'me not so unhappie,
that like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,
who does affect, fore thy ag'd Fathers ashes,
with greedie-lust my Empire. Have a strict
and cautious diligence to observe his carriage,
'twil be a pious care. Mov'd with the base

indignity, that he on 'me should force
the office of a spy; your spy, my noble
and much lov'd brother : my best manhood scarce
could keep my angry tears in ; I resolv'd
I was in duty bound to give you early
intelligence of his unjust intentions,
that you in wisdom might prevent all dangers
might fall upon you from them, like swift lightning,
killing 'cause they invade with sudden fierceness.

Abil. In afflicting me, misery is grown witty.

Ab. Nay besides (Sir)

the sullen *Mura* has the self same charge too
confin'd and settled on him; which his blind
duty will execute. O brother, your
soft passive nature, do's like jet on fire
when oyls cast on't, extinguish: otherwise,
this base suspicion would inflame your sufferance,
nay make the purest loyalty rebellious.
However, though your too religious piety
forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience,
look to your safety, brother, that dear safety
which is not only yours, but your whole Empires :
for my part, if a faithfull brothers service
may ought avail you, tho against our father,
since he can be so unnaturally suspicious,
as your own thoughts command it.

Enter *Scinthus* and *Mefisthes*.

Sel. Come, I know,
although th'ast lost some implements of manhood
may make thee gracious in the sight of woman,
yet th'ast a little engine, call'd a tongue,
by which thou canst overcome the nicest female,
in the behalf of friend. Insooth, you Eunuchs
may well be stil'd Pimps-royal, for the skill
you have in quaint procurement.

Mef. Your Lordship's merry,
and wou'd inforce on me what has been your
office far oftner than the cunningst Squire belonging
to the smock transitory. May't please your Highness.

Abil. Ha! *Mefisthes*.

Ab. His countenance varies strangely, some affaire
the Eunuch gives him notice of, 't should seem,
begets much pleasure in him.

Abil. Is this truth?

Mef.

Mef. Else let me taste your anger.

Abil. My dear *Abraben*,
wee'l march to night, prethee give speedie Notice
to our Lieutenant *Mura*, to collect
the forces from their severall quarters, and
draw them into *Battalia* on the plain
behind the Citie, lay a strict command
he stir not from the Ensigns til our self
arrive in person there. Be speedie, brother,
a little hastie business craves our presence.
We wil anon be with you, my *Methises*. *Exeunt Abil. & Mef.*

Sel. Can your grace imagine
whether his highness goes now?

Ab. No, *Selinthus*;
canst thou conjecture at the Eunuchs business?
what ere it was, his countenance seem'd much altr'd :
It'd give a talent to have certain knowledg
what was *Methises* message.

Sel. I'll inform you
at a far easier rate. *Methises* businesse
certes concern'd a limber petticoate,
and the smock soft and slipperie; on my honour,
has been providing for the Prince, some female
that he takes his leave of Ladies flesh
ere his departure.

Ab. Not improbable, it may be so.

Sel. Nay, certain (Sir) it is so :
and I believe, your little bodie eernes
after the same sport. You were once reported
a wag would have had business of ingendering
with surly *Mura's* Lady: and men may
conjecture y're no chaster then a vorrie:
yet though the world nor follow your desires,
there are as hand some Ladies will be proud
to have your Grace inoculate their stocks
with your graft-royal.

Ab. Thou art *Selinthus* still,
and wilt not change thy humor, I must go
and find out *Mura*; so farwel *Selinthus*,
thou art not for these warrs, I know. *Exit.*

Sel. No truly,
nor yet for any other, 'less't be on
a naked yielding enemy; though there may
be as hot service upon such a foe

as on those clad in steel: the little Squadron,
 we civil men assault body to body,
 oft carry wild-fire, about them privately,
 that singes us ith' service from the crown
 even to the sole, nay sometimes hair and all off.
 But these are transitory perills,
Enter Gasfiles, Ofman,
 Couzens,
 I thought you had been dancing to the drum.
 Your General has given order for a march.
 this night, I can assure you,
Gas. It is Couzens,
 something of the soonest; but we are prepar'd
 at all times for the journey.

Sel. To morrow morning
 may serve the turn though. Hark you, Couzens mine;
 if in this *Persian War*, you chance to take a
 handsome the Captive, pray you be not unmindfull
 of us your friends at home; I will disburse
 her ranfome, Couzens, for I've a month's mind
 to try if strange flesh, or that of our own
 Countrey has the compleater relish.

Of. We will accomplish thy pleasure, noble Couzen.

Sel. But pray do not
 take the first say of her your selves I do not
 love to walk after any of my kindred
 ith' path of copulation.

Gas. The first fruits
 shall be thy own, dear Couz. *But shall we part*
 (never perhaps to meet agen) with dry
 lips, my right honoured Couz?

Sel. By no means,
 though by the *Alcharon* wint be forbidden,
 you Souldiers in that case make't not your faith.
 Drink water in the Camp, when you can purchase
 no other liquor; here you shall have plenty
 of wine, old and delicious. I'll be your leader,
 and bring you on, let who will bring you off.
 To the encounter, come let us march, Couzens. *Exiunt Omnes.*

Exit.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Abilqualis, Caropia, and Mesithes, Perilinda.

Car. No more, my gracious Lord, where real love is
needlesse are all expressions ceremonious;
the amorous Turtles, that at first acquaintance
strive to expresse in murmuring notes their loves,
do when agreed on their affections change
their chirps to billing.

Abil. And in feather'd arms
incompasse mutually their gawdy necks.

Mes: How do you like
these love tricks, *Perilinda*?

Per. Very well;
but one may sooner hope from a dead man
to receive kindness, than from thee, an Eunuch.
You are the coldest creatures in the bodies,
no snow-balls like you.

Mes. We must needs, who have not
that which like fire should warm our constitutions,
the instruments of copulation, girle,
our toys to please the Ladies.

Abil. *Caropia*, in your well becoming pity
of my extream afflictions and stern sufferings,
you've shown that excellent mercy as must render
what ever action you can fix on, virtuous.
But Lady, I till now have been your tempter,
one that desired hearing, the brave resistance
you made my brother, when he woo'd your love,
only to boast the glory of a conquest
which seem'd impossible, now I have gain'd it
by being vanquisher, I my self am vanquish'd
your everlasting Captive.

Car. Then the thralldome
will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage
of palms, that flourish most when bow'd down fastest;
Constraint makes sweet and easie things laborious,
when love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures.
Yet 'twas ambition (Sir) join'd with affection
that gave me up a spoil to your temptations.
I was resolv'd, if ever I did make
a breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be

with him that was the darling of kind fortune
as well as liberall nature; who possesse
the height of greatnesse to adorn his beauty ;
which since they both conspire to make you happy,
I thought 't would be a greater sin to suffer
your hopefull person, born to sway this Empire,
in loves hot flames to languish, by refusal
to a consuming feaver, then t^e infringe
a vow which ne're proceeded from my heart
when I unwillingly made it.

Abil. And may break it with confidence, secure from the
least guilt, as if 't had only in an idle dream
been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there
can be no greater misery in love,
than separation from the object which
we affect; and such is our misfortune
we must itt' infancy of our desires
breath at unwelcome distance; itt' mean time,
lets make good use of the most precious minutes
we have to spend together.

Car. Else we were unworthy to be titled lovers ; but
I fear loath'd *Mura* may with swift approach
disturb our happinesse.

Abil. By my command hee's mustring up our forces.
Yet *Mesithes*, go you to *Abrahen*, and with intimations
from us, strengthen our charge. Come my *Caropia*,
love's wars are harmlesse, for who ere do's yeild,
gains as much honor as who wins the field.

ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA I.

*Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising from
bed, Abrahen without, Perilinda.*

A *Br.* Open the door, I must and will have entrance
unto the Prince my brother, as you love
your life and safety and that Ladies honor,
whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not
deny me entrance to you. I am *Abrahen*,
your loyal brother *Abrahen*.

Abil. 'Tis his voice,

and

and there can be no danger in't, *Caropias* on our part, but if you be not dismay'd, though ware to him discover'd, your fame shall taste no blemish by't. Now brother, 'tis something rude in you, thus violently to presse upon our privacies.

Abr. My affection

shall be my Advocate, and plead my cause, as you love your honour, haſte from this place, or you'll betray the Lady to ruin moſt inevitable. Her husband has notice of your being here, and's coming on wings of jealousie and desperate rage to intercept you in your cloſe delights. In breif, I over heard a truſty Servant of his iſch' Camp come and declare your highneſſe was private with *Caropias*: at which tidings the ſea with greater haſte vent with tempeſts, ſo ſudden and boyſtrous, lies not towards the ſhore, then he intended homewards. He by this needs muſt have gain'd the City; for with all my power I haſted hitherward, that by your abſence you might prevent his view of you.

Abil. Why? the ſlave

dare not invade my perſon, had he found me in fair *Caropias* armes: 'twould be ignoble, now I have cauſ'd her danger, ſhould I not defend her from his violence. I'll ſtay though he come arm'd with thunder.

Abr. That will be

a certain means to ruin her: To me count that cure, I'll ſtand between the Lady, and *Mura's* fury, when your very fight, giving freſh fire to th'injury, will incenſe him gainſt her beyond all patience.

Car. Nay, beſides

his violent wrath breaking through his allegiance, may riot on your perſon, Dear my Lord withdraw your ſelf, there may be ſome excuſe when you are abſent thought on, to take off *Mura's* ſuſpicion: by our loves, depart I do beſeech you. Happieſ I was born to be moſt miſerable.

Abil. You ſhall over-rule me.

Better it is for him with unhallow'd hands

to act a sacriledge on our Prophets tombe
then to profane this pulpit with the least
offer of injurie; be careful *Abilqualis*
to thee I leave my heart. Farewel *Caropis*
your tears enforce my absence.

Exit. Abil.

Abi. Pray hast my Lord

lest you should meet the inrag'd *Mura* now Madam
where are the boasted glories of that virtue,
which like a faithful Fort withstood my batt'ries?
demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear;
like a fair building totter'd from its base,
by an unruly whirlwind, and are now
instead of love the objects of my pities.

Car. I'm bound to thank you Sir, yet credit me;
my sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet repentance.
Were *Mura* here, and arag'd with all the horrors
rage could invest his powers with; not forgiven
Hermits with greater peace that had to death,
then I to be the Martyr of this cause
which I so love and reverence.

Abi. 'Tis a noble
and wel becoming constance, and merits
a lover of those Supreme eminent graces,
that do like ful winds swell the glorious Sails
of *Abilqualis*'s dignitie and beautie.
yet Madam, let me tel you, though I could not
envie my brothers happineffe, if he
could have enjoy'd your priceles love with justice
free from discoverie, I am afflicted

beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth
which with as true a zeal, devoted your love,
should appear so contemptible to receive
a killing scorn from you, yet forgive you,
and do so much respect your peace, I wish
you had not sin'd so carelessly to be
betray'd ith' first frontiers of your wishes
to your suspicious husband.

Car. 'Tis a fate Sir, which I must stand, though it comes, as it is in flames
killing as circular fire, and as prodigious
as death presaging Comets: there's that strength
in love, can change the pitchie face of dangers
to pleasing formes, make ghastly fears seeme beautifull;
and I'm resolv'd, since the sword is drawn, to draw it from

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from *Mura's* anger, which might have been fatal to me, if he should here have found him; I dare his utmost fury.

Abr. 'Twill bring death with sure as stifling damps; and 'twere much more so sweet a beauty should unpitifully be betray'd to endless infamy; your husband knows only that my brother in your chamber was entertained; the servant that betrayed you, curse on his diligence, could not affirm he saw you twin'd together; yet 'tis death by the law, you know, for any Ladies at such an hour, and in her husband's absence, to entertain a stranger.

Car. 'Tis considered Sir, and since I cannot live to enjoy his love, I'll meet my death as willingly as I met *Abilqualis's* dear embraces.

Abr. That were too severe a crueltie. Live *Carria*, til the kind destinies take the loathed *Mura* to their eternal Mansions, til he fall either in war a sacrifice to fortune, or else by stratagem take his destruction from angry *Abilqualis*, whose fair Empress you were created for: there is a mean yet to save th' opinion of your honour spotlesse, as that of Virgin innocence, nay, to preserve (though he doth know (as certainly he must) my Brother have enjoy'd thee) thee stil precious in his deluding fancy.

Car. Let me adore you if you can give effect to your good purpose. But 'tis impossible.

Abr. With as secure an ease 't shall be accomplish'd as the blis desires of uncross'd lovers: you shall with one breath dissolve these mists that with contagious darkness threaten the lights both of your life and honour. Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

Car. How my Lord

Abr. Obtained by violence entry into your chamber, where his big lust seconded by force, despite of yours and your Maids weak resistance surpris'd your honor: when 't shall come to question,

my brother cannot so put off the truth, he owes his own affection and your whiteness, but to acknowledge it a rape.

Car. And so by saving mine, betray his fame and safety, to the lawes danger, and your fathers justice, which with impartial doome will most severely sentence the Prince, although his son.

Abr. Your fears and too affectionate tendernesse will ruine all that my care has builded. Sure, *Misfichers* has (as my charge injoin'd him) made relation to him of *Abilqualis's* action. See your husband resolve on't, or y' are miserable.

Mu. Furies, where is this lustful Prince, and this lascivious Scrumptet? ha *Abraben*, here.

Abr. Good Cozen *Mura*, I be not so passionate, it is your Prince has wrought your injury: resolve to bear your crosses like a man: the greatest afflictions should have the greatest fortitude in their sufferings from minds resolv'd and noble. 'Twas not her fault; his too: 'tis, has destroy'd her patience.

Mu. Ha, in tears! Are these the liverie of your fears and penitence, or of your sorrows (mimion) for being rob'd so soon of your Adulteress?

Abr. Fie, your passion is too unmannerly; you look upon her with eyes of rage, when you with grief and pity ought to surveigh her innocence. My Brother, degenerate as he is from worth, and meerly the beast of lust, (what fiends would fear to violate) has with rude insolence destroy'd her honour, by him inhumane ravished.

Car. Good Sir, so merciful as to set free a wretch from loath'd mortalitie, whose life so greivous and hateful burden now sh'as lost her honour. 'Twill be a friendly charge to deliver her from the torment of it.

Mu. That I could contract the soul of universal rage

into this swelling heart, that it might be
as ful of poisonous anger as a dragons
when in a toile insnar'd. *Caropias* ravish'd!
Me thinks the horror of the sound should fright
to everlasting ruine, the whole world,
start natures Genius.

Abr. Gentle Madam, pray
withdraw your self, your sight, til I have wrought
a cure upon his temper, wil but adde
to his affliction.

Car. You're as my good Angel,
I'll follow your directions.

Exit.

Abr. *Cozen Mura.*
I thought a person of your masculine temper,
in dangers fostred, where perpetual terrors
have been your play-fellowes, would not have resent'd
with such effeminate passion a disgrace,
though ne're so huge and hideous.

Mu. I am tame,
collected now in all my faculties,
which are so much oppress'd with injuries,
they've lost the anguish of them: can you think, Sir,
when all the winds fight, the intrag'd billows
that use to imprint on the black lips of clouds
a thousand brinie kisses, can lie stil,
as in a lethargie? that when baths of oyl
are pour'd upon the wild irregular flames
in populous Cities, that they'll then extinguish?
Your mitigations adde but seas to seas,
give matter to my fires to increase their burning,
and I ere long enlightned by my anger
shall be my owne pile, and consume to ashes.

Abr. Why, then I see indeed your injuries
have ravish'd hence your reason and discourse,
and left you the meere prostitute of passion:
Can you repaire the ruins you lament so
with these exclames? was ever dead man call'd
to life again by fruitful sighs? or can
your rage reedifie *Caropias* honour,
slain and betra'd by his foul lust? Your manhood,
that heretofore has thrown you on all dangers,
me thinks should prompt you to a noble vengeance,
which you may safely prosecute with Justice,
to which this crime, although he be a Prince,

Renders him liable.

Mu. Yes, I'll have justice
or I'll awake the sleepy Deities,
or like the ambitious Gyants wage new wars
with heaven it self, my wrongs shall steel my courage,
and on this vicious Prince like a fierce Sea-breach
my just wak'd rage shall riot till it sink
in the remorselesse eddie sink where time
shall never find his name but with disgrace
to taint his hatefull memory.

Abr. This wildnesse neither besit your wisdom nor your courage,
which should with settled and collected thoughts
walk on to noble vengeance. He before
was by our plots proscrib'd to death and ruine
to advance me to the Empire, now with ease
we may accomplish our designs.

Mu. Would heaven
I nere had given consent, o'come by love
to you to have made a forfeit on my allegiance,
'tis a just punishment, I by him am wrong'd,
whom for your sake I fearlesse fought to ruin.

Abr. Are you repentant grown *Mu.* at this softnesse?

ill suits a person of your great resolves
on whom my fortunes have such firm dependance.

Come, let *Caropia's* fate invoke thy vengeance
to gain full mastery o're all other passions,
leave not a corner in thy spacious heart
unfurnish'd of a noble rage, which now
will be an attribute of glorious justice:
the law you know with loss of sight doth punish
all rapes, though on mean persons; and our father
is so severe a Justicer, not blood
can make a breach upon his faith to justice.

Besides, we have already made him dangerous
in great *Almanzors* thoughts, and being delinquent
he needs must suffer what the meanest offender
merits for such a trespass.

Mu. I'me awake now,
the lethargy of horror and amaze
that did obscure my reason, like those dull
and lazy vapors that o'reshade the Sun,
vanish, and it resumes its native brightness.
And now I would not but this devil Prince
had done this act upon *Caropia's* whitenesse,

Revenge for Honour.

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since 't yeilds you free access unto the Empire,
The deprivall of's fight do's render him incapable
of future sovereignty.

Abr. Thou'rt in the right,
and hast put on manly considerations:
Caropia (since shee's in her will untainted)
ha's not forgon her honor: he dispatc'd once,
as we will have him shortly, 't shall go hard esse,
a tenant to his marble, thou agen
wedded in peace maist be to her pure vertues,
and live their happy owner.

Mu. I'll repair
to great *Almanzor* instantly, and if
his partial piety do descend to pittie,
I will awake the Executioner
of justice, death, although in sleep more heavy
than he can borrow from his natural coldness;
on this good sword I'll wear my causes justice
till he do fall its sacrifice.

Abr. But be sure
you do't with cunning secresie, perhaps,
should he have notice of your just intentions,
he would repair to th' Army, from which safeguard
our best force could not pluck him without danger
to the whole Empire.

Mu. Doubt not but I'll manage
with a discreet severity my vengeance,
invoke *Almanzors* equity with sudden
and private haste.

Abr. Mean time
I will go put a new design in practice
that may be much conducing to our purpose.
Like clocks, one wheele another on must drive;
affairs by diligent labor only thrive.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, Ofman, and Souldiers.

Sel. No quarrelling good Couzens, lest it be
with the gla's, 'cause 'tis not of size sufficient
to give you a magnificent draught. You will
have fighting work enough when you're i'th' wars,
do not fall out among your selves.

Of. Not pledg
my peerlesse Mistresse health? Souldier, thou'rt mortall,
if thou refuse it.

Gaf. Come, come, he shall pledg it,
and 'twere a Tun. Why, we are all as dull
as dormise in our liquor: Here's a health
to the Prince *Abilqualir*.

Soul. Let go round:
I'd drink't, were it an Ocean of warm bloud
flowing from th' enemy. Pray, good my Lord
what news is stirring?

Sel. It should seem, Souldier,
thou canst not read; otherwise the learn'd Pamphlets
that flie about the streets, would satisfie
thy curiositie with news; they'r true ones,
full of discreet intelligence.

Of. Cofens, thal's have a Song? here is a Souldier
in's time hath sung a dirge unto the foe
oft in the field.

Soul. Captain, I have a new one,
the Souldiers Joy 'tis call'd.

Sel. That is an harlot.
Preethee be musicall, and let us taste
the sweetnesse of thy voice.

Gaf. Whist, give attention.

Soul. How does your Lordship like it?

Sel. Very well.

And so here's to thee. There's no drum beats yet,
and 'tis cleer day; some hour hence 'twill be
time to break up the Watch. Ha! young Lord *Abraham*,
and trim *Mesishes* with him! what the divel
does he make up so early? He has been
a bat-fowling all night after those Birds,
those Ladie-birds term'd wagtails; what strange business
can he have here, tro?

Abr. 'Twas wel done, *Mesishes*!
and trust me, I shal find an apt reward,
both for thy care and cunning. Preethee hast
to Lord *Simanthes*, and deliver this
note to him with best diligence, my dear Eunuch;
thou'rt halfe the soul of *Abraham*:

Mes. I was borne
to be intituled your most humble vassal;
I'll hast to the Lord *Simanthes*.

A Song.

Enter Abr. Mes.

Exit.

Sel.

Sel. How he cringes !
These youths that want the instruments of Manhood,
are very supple in the hams.

Abr. Good-morrow
to noble Lord *Selimbis* : what companions
have you got here thus early ?

Sel. Blades of metal,
tall men of war , and 't please your Grace, of my
own blood and family, men who gather'd
a sallad on the enemies ground, and eaten it
in bold defiance of him ;
and not a Souldier here but's an *Achylles*,
valiant as stoutest *Mirmidon*.

Abr. And they
never had juster cause to show their valor ;
the Prince my dearest brother, their Lord General's
became a forfeit to the stern laws rigour ;
and 'tis imagin'd, our impartial father,
wil sentence him to lose his eyes.

Gaf. Marry heaven
defend, for what, and 't like your Grace!

Abr. For a fact
which the severe law punishes with loss
of natures precious lights; my tears wil scarce
permit me utter 't: for a rape committed
on the fair wife of *Mura*.

Of. Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace ?
ere he shal lose an eie for such a trifle,
or have a haire diminish'd, we wil
lose our heads ; what, hoodwink men like sullen hawks
for doing deeds of nature ! I'me asham'd
the law is such an Ass.

Sel. Some Eunuch Judg,
that could not be acquainted with the sweets
due to concupiscencial parts, invented
this law, I'll be hang'd else. 's Life, a Prince,
and such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,
for satisfying the hunger of the stomach
beneath the wast, is crueltie prodigious,
not to be suffer'd in a common-wealth
of ought but geldings.

Abr. 'Tis vaine to sooth
our hopes with these delusions, he wil suffer
less he be reskued. I would have you therefore

if you ow any service to the Prince,
my much lamented brother, to attend
without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if
there be necessity of your ayd, I'll give you
notice when to imploy it.

Sel. Sweet Prince, wee'l swim
in blood to do thee or thy brother service.
Each man provide their weapons.

Abr. You will win
my brothers love for ever, nay my father,
though hee'l seem angry to behold his justice
deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,
will thank you for your loyalties: Pray be there
with all speed possible, by this my brothers
commanded 'fore my father, I'll go learn
the truth, and give you notice: pray be secret
and firm to your resolves.

Sel. For him that flinches
in such a cause, I'll have no more mercy
on him. Heres *Tarifa*
the Princes sometimes Tutor, *Mura* with him
a walking towards the Court, let's take no notice
of them, lest they discover our intentions
by our grim looks. March fair and softly *Couzens*,
wee'l be at Court before them.

Tar. You will not do this, *Mura*!

Mu. How *Tarifa*?
will you defend him in an act so impious?
Is't fit the drum should cease his surly language,
when the bold Souldiers marches; or that I
should passe o're this affront in quiet silence,
which Gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance?
which I will have, or manhood shall be tame
as Cowardice.

Tar. It was a deed so barbarous,
that truth it self blushes as well as justice
to hear it mention'd: but consider *Mura*,
he is our Prince, the Empires hope, and pillar
of great *Almanzors* age. How far a publick
regard should be prefer'd before your private
desire of vengeance! which if you do purchase
from our impartial Emperors equity,
his loss of sight, and so of the succession,
will not restore *Caropia* to the honor

Exit.

Enter Tarifa and Mura

he ravish't from her. But so foule the cause is,
I rather should lament the Princes folly
than plead in his behalf.

Mur. 'Tis but vain,
there is your warrant, as you are high Marshal,
to summon him to make his speedy appearance
'fore the Tribunall of *Almanzor*;
so pray you execute your office.

Exit.

Tar. How one vice
can like a small cloud when't breaks forth in showers,
black the whole heaven of vertues! O my Lord,
that face of yours which once with Angell brightnesse
cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition
frights it with ghastly terror; you have done
a deed that startles vertue till it shakes
as it got a pallsie. I'me commanded
to summon you before your father, and
hope you'll obey his mandate.

*Enter Abil-
qualis.*

*Murs. whis-
pring, seem
to make pro-
testations.*

Exeunt.

Abil. Willingly,
what's my offence, *Tarifa*?

Tar. Would you knew not,
I did presage your too unruly passions
would hurry you to some disast'rons act,
but ne're imagin'd you'd have been so lost
to masculine honor, to commit a rape
on that unhappy object of your love,
whom now y've made the spoil of your foul lust,
the much wrong'd wife of *Mura*.

Abil. Why, do's *Mura* charge me with his *Caropia's* rape?

Tar. This warrant sent by your angry father, testifies
he means to appeach you of it.

Abil. 'Tis my fortune, all natural motions when they
approach their end, hast to draw to't with accustom'd
swiftnesse. Rivers with greedier speed run neere
their out-falls, than at their springs. But I'me resolv'd,
let what happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend
Carpoia's honor, though mine own I ruin;
Who dares not dye to justifie his love,
deserves not to enjoy her. Come, *Tarifa*,
what e're befall, I'me resolute. He dies
glorious, that falls loves innocent sacrifice,

Exeunt.

Actus

ACTUS QUARTUS. Scena I.

Enter Almanzor, Abilqualis, Tarifa and Mura.

Al. NO more *Tarifa*, you'l provoke our anger, if you appear in this cause so solicitous, the act is too apparent: nor shal you need (injur'd *Mura*) to implore our justice, which with impartial doome shall fall on him more rigorously, then on a strange offender. O *Abilqualis*, (for the name of Son, when thou forsookst thy native virtue, left thee,) Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortunes glories of no more value, then to be expos'd to ruine for one vice; at whose name only the furies start, and bashful fronted justice hides her amaz'd head? But it is now bootless to shew a fathers pitie, in my grief for thy amiss. As I'me to be thy Judge, be resolute, I'll take as little notice, thou art my off-spring, as the wandering clouds do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripenesse, they straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.

Abil. I'me sorrie Sir, that my unhappie chance should draw your anger on me; my long silence declares I have on that excelling sweetnesse, that unexampled pattern of chast goodnesse; *Caropia* acted violence. I confels, I lov'd the Ladie, and when no perswasions serv'd to prevail on her, too stubborn, incens'd, by force I sought my purpose and obtain'd it; nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetnesse of that unvalued purchase) find repentance in any abject thought; what ere falls on me from your sterne rigor in a cause so precious, will be a pleasing punishment.

Al. You are grown a glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus the awful rod of justice! Lost young man, for thou'rt no child of mine, dost not consider to what a state of desperate destruction thy wild lust has betray'd thee! What rich blessings

(that

(that I may make thee sensible of thy sins
by showing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost
by thy irregular folly! First my love,
which never more must meet thee, scarce in place;
the glorie flowing from thy former actions
stopt up for ever; and those lustful eies
by whose deprival (thou art depriv'd of being
capable of this Empire) to the law,
which wil exact them, forfeited. Call in there
a Surgeon, and our Mutts to execute this act
of justice on the unworthy traitor, upon whom
my just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion,
then the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches
that wilfully leap into them.

Enter Surg. Mutts.

Tar. O my Lord,
that which on others would be fitting justice,
on him your hopeful though offending son
wil be exemplar cruelty; his youth Sir,
that hath abounded with so many vertues,
is an excuse sufficient for one vice:
he is not yours only, hee's your Emperors,
destin'd by nature and successions privilege,
when you in peace are throw'd in your marble,
to weild this Scepter after you. O do not,
by putting out his eies, deprive your Subjects
of light, and leave them to dull mournful darknesse.

Al. 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

If those on which his eyes hang were my heart strings,
I'de cut them out rather then wound my Justice;
nor do'st besit thy vertue intercede
for him in this cause horrid and prodigious;
the crime 'gainst me was acted; 't was a rape
upon my honour, more then on her whitenesse;
his was from mine derivative, as each stream
is from its spring; so that he has polluted
by his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodness;
stricken through my dignity by his violence:
nay, started in their peaceful urnes, the ashes
of all my glorious Ancestors; desin'd
the memorie of their still descendend vertues;
nay with a killing frost, nip't the fair blossomes,
that did presage such goodly fruit arising
from his own hopeful youth.

Mr. I ask but justice;

those eyes that led him to unlawful objects,
 tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindness;
 the Sun himself, when he darts rayes lascivious
 such as ingender by too piercing fervence
 intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears
 obscuritie from the clouds his own beams raises.
 I have been your Souldier Sir, and fought your battailes
 for all my services, I beg but justice,
 which is the Subjects best prerogative;
 the Princes greatest attribute; and for a fact
 then which, none can be held more black and hideous,
 which has betray'd to an eclipse the brightest
 star in th' heaven of yeches; the just law
 does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope
 you the laws righteous guider, wil according
 to equitie see executed.

Tar. Why! that law
 was only made for common malefactors,
 but has no force to extend unto the Prince,
 to whom the law it self must become subject.
 This hopeful Prince, look on him great *Almanzor*;
 and in his eyes, those volumes of all graces,
 which you like erring Meteors would extinguish:
 read your own lively figure, the best storie
 of your youths noblest vigor; let not wrath (Sir)
 o'recome your pietie, nay your humane pity.
 'Tis in your brest my Lord, yet to shew mercie;
 that precious attribute of heavens true goodnesse,
 even to your self, your son: me thinks that name
 should have a power to interdict your Justice
 in its too rigorous progress.

Abil. Dear *Tarifa*,
 I'me more afflicted at the intercessions,
 then at the view of my approaching torments,
 which I wil meet with fortitude and boldness,
 too base to shake now at one personal danger,
 when I've incountred thousand perils fearless;
 Nor do I blame my gracios fathers Justice,
 though it precede his nature. I'd not have him
 (for my sake) forfeit that for which hee's famous,
 his uncorrupted equitie, nor repine
 I at my destinie; my eies have had
 delights sufficient in *Caropia's* beauties,
 to serve my thoughts for after contemplations;

nor can I ever covet a new object,
since they can ne're hope to encounter any
of equal worth and sweetness.
Yet hark *Tarifa*, to thy secrecie
I wil impart my dearest, inmost counsels;
if I should perish, as 'tis probable
I may, under the hands of these tormentors;
thou maist unto succession show my innocence;
Caropia yeilded without least constraint,
and I enjoy'd her freely.

Tar. How my Lord?

Abil. No words oh't
as you respect my honour! I'd not lose
the glorie I shall gain by these my sufferings;
come grim furies, and execute your office, I wil stand you,
unmov'd as hills at whirlewinds, and amidst
the torments you inflict, remain my courage.

Al. Be speedie villaines.

Tar. O stay your cruel hands,
you dumb ministers of injur'd Justice,
and let me speak his innocence ere you further
afflict his precious eye-sight.

Al. What does this mean, *Tarifa*!

Tar. O my Lord,
the too much braverie of the Princes spirit
'tis has undone his fame, and put upon him
this fatal punishment; ~~twice~~ ^{twice} hee had to save
the Ladies honour, that hee has assum'd
her rape upon him, when with her consent
the deed of shame was a ~~deed~~ ^{deed}.

Mur. Tis his feare
makes him traduce her innocence; he who did not
stick to commit a riot on her person,
can make no conscience to destroy her fame
by his untrue suggestions.

Al. 'Tis a balenefesse
beyond thy other villanie had thee yeilded;
thus to betraie for transitorie torture
her honour, which thou wert engag'd to the guard
even with thy life. A son of thine could never
show this ignoble cowardize: Proceed
to execution, I'll not hear him speak;
he is made up of treacherie and falsehoods.

Tar. Wil you then

be to the Prince so tyrannous? Why, to me
just now he did confess his only motive
to undergoe this torment, was to save
Caropia's honour blameless.

Abil. I am more troubled
Sir, with his untimely frenzie,
then with my punishment; his too much love
to me, has spoild his temperate reason.
He confesses *Caropia* yeilded! Not the light
is half so innocent as her spotlesse virtue.

"I was not wel done, *Tarifa*, to betray
the secret of your friend thus: though Shee yeilded,
the terror of ten thousand deaths shall never
force me to confess it.

Tar. Agen, my Lord, even now
he does confess, she yeilded, and protests
that death shall never make him say false: 'guiltie:
the breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

Abil. Haplesse man,
to run into this lunacie!
Fie *Tarifa*,
so treacherous to your Friend!

Tar. Agen, agen.
Wil no man give me credit?

Abil. Where is our roial father, where our brother?
As you respect your life and Empires safetie,
dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death
and crueltie unexemplified. O Brother,
that I should ever live to enjoy my eie-sight,
and see one halfe of your dear lights indanger'd.
My Lord, you've done an act, which my just fears
tells me, wil shake your Scepter! O for heavens sake,
look to your future safetie; the rough Souldier
hearing their much lov'd General, My good Brother
was by the law betrai'd to some sad danger,
have in their pietie beset the pallsace;
think on some means to appease them, ere their furie
grow to its full unbridled height; they threaten
your life, great Sir: pray send my brother to them,
his sight can only pacifie them.

Al. Have you your Champions?
We wil prevent their insolence, you shal not
boast, you have got the Empire by our ruine.

Muts, Strangle him immediately.

Abr. Avert

such a prodigious mischief, heaven. Mark, mark
they're entred into th' Court; desist you monsters,
my life shal stand betwixt his and this violence
or I with him wil perish. Faithful Souldiers,
hast to defend your Prince, curse on your slowness.
Hee's dead; my fathers turn is next. O horror
would I might sink into forgetfulnesse!
What has your furie urg'd you to?

Al. To that

which who so murmurs at, is a faithlesse traitor
to our tranquillitie. Now Sir, your business?

Sim. My Lord, the Citty

is up in arms, in rescue of the Prince;
the whole Court throngs with Souldiers.

Al. 'T was high time

to cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage
through our very bowels to our Empire.

Nay, we wil stand their furies, and with terror
of Majestie strike dead these insurrections,
Traitors, what means this violence?

Abr. O dear Souldiers,
your honest love's in gain; my Brother's dead,
strangled by great *Almanzor's* dire command,
ere your arrival. I do hope they'll kill him
in their hot zeal.

Al. Why do you start so, traitors?

'twas I your Empr'or that have done this act,
which who repines at, treads the self same steps
of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,
wee'd be alone. No motion! Are you staturs?
Stay you, *Tarifa* here. For your part, *Mura*,
you cannot now complain but you have justice;
so quit our presence.

Of. Faces about, Gentlemen.

Abr. It has happ'ned
above our wishes, we shall have no need now
to imploy your handkercher. Yet give it me:
You'r sure 'tis right, *Simanshis*.

Al. *Tarifa*,

I know the love thou beart Prince *Abilqualis*
makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the fume
of angry Dragons. Speak thy free intentions;

Deserv'd

Deserv'd he not this fate?

Tar. No: You're a Tyrant,
one that delights to feed on your own bowels,
and were not worthy of a Son so virtuous.
Now you have tan'd his add to your injustice
and take *Tarifa's* life; who in his death
should it come flying on the wings of torments
would speak it out as an apparant truth:
the Prince to me declar'd his innocence,
and that *Caropia* yielded.

Al. Rise *Tarifa*;
we do command thee rise: a sudden chilnesse
such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
thrills our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee ingroin
sorrow alone for *Abilqualis's* death.
I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition
and popularitie did make him dangerous,

I do repent my furie, and will vie
with thee in sorrow. How he makes death lovely!
Shall we fix here, and weep till we be statues?

Tar. Til we grow stiff as the cold *Abilqualis's*
must be erected over us. Your rainnesse
has rob'd the Empire of the greatest hope
it ere shall boast again: Would I were athes.

Al. He breathes (me thinks:) the over-hastie soul
was too discourteous to forsake so fair
a lodging, without taking solemn leave
first of the owner. Ha, his handkercher!
Thou'rt lib'ral to thy Father even in death
leav'st him a legacie to due his tears
which are too slow: they should create a deluge.

O my dear *Abilqualis*!

Tar. You exceed now
as much in grief as you did then in rage.
One drop of this pious paternal softnesse
had ransom'd him from ruine. Dear Sir, rise,
my grief's divided, and I know not whether
I should lament you living, or him dead.
Good Sir, erect your looks; Not stir! His sorrow
makes him insensible: Ha, there's no motion
left in his vital spirits: The excess
of grief has stifled up his powers, and crack'd
(I fear) his ag'd hearts cordage. Help, the Emperor,
he Emperor's dead; Help, help.

Anon we'll show our selves to these afflicted
Subject.

Ommes Long live *Abrahen*, great Caliph of *Atabia*.
Abra. And who can say now, *Abrahen* is a villain?

I am saluted King with acclamations
that deaf the Heavens to *Heaven*, such as much joy
as if I had atchiev'd this *Scepter*, by
means fair and vertuous. 'Twas this handkercher
that did to death *Almanzor*, so infected
its least insensible vapour has full power
apply'd to th' eye, or any other Organ,
can drink its poison in to vanquish Nature,
though nere so strong and youthful. 'Twas *Simanther*
devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning
transferr'd it to *Almanzor*; 'tis no matter,
my worst impiety is held now religious.
'Twixt Kings and their inferiours there's thinne
These are meer men, we men, yet such big gods.

Abil. 'Twas well the Mute prov'd faithful, otherwise
I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence
as those who do expire in dreams, their heath
seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely
consider'd of me, to prepare those sure
instruments of destruction. The suspicion

I had by *Abrahen* of my fathers fears
of my unthought ambition, did instruct me
by making them mine, to secure my safety.
Would the inhumane Surgeon had tore
these blessed lights from me; that I had liv'd for ever
doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather than

Tarifa's fears had so approach'd her honour.
Well, villain Brother, I have found that by
my seeming death, which by my lives best art

I ne're should have had knowledge of. Dear Father,
though thou to me wert pitiless, my heart
weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like
a lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin
from its own Stock descending. He has agents

in his ungracious wickedness. *Simanther*
he has discover'd: Were they multiply'd
as numerous as collected sands, and mighty
in force as mischief, they should fear my Justice
meet their due punishment. *Abrahen* by this
is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right

when

when 't shall appear I'me living, wil reduce
the people to my part ; the armie's mine,
whicher I must withdraw unseen : the night
wil best secure me. What a strange *Chimera*
of thought posselles my dul brain ! *Caropia*,
thou hast a share in them : Fate, to thy mercie
I do commit my self; who scapes the snare
once, has a certain caution to beware.

Exit.

Scen. 2. Enter *Caropia* and *Perilinda*.

Car. Your Lord is not returned yet !

Per. No, good Madam :

pray do not thus torment your self, the Prince
(I warrant you) wil have no injurie
by saving of your honour; do you think
his father wil be so extreme outrageous
for such a trifle, as to force a woman
with her good liking?

Car. My ill boding soul
beats with presages ominous. Would heaven
I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd Lords furie,
rather then he had run this imminent danger.
Could you ne're learn, which of the slaves it was
betray'd our close loves to foath'd *Mura's* notice ?

Per. No indeed could I not ; but here's my Lord
pray Madam do not grieve so !

Enter Mur.

Mu. My *Caropia*,
dress up thy looks in their actusfom'd beauties,
cal back the constant spring into thy cheeks,
that droope like lovely Violets, o're charg'd
with too much mornings dew ; shoot from thy eies
a thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,
that like a foul thief, rob'd thee of thy honour
by his ungracious violence, has met
his roial fathers Justice.

Car. Now my fears
carry too sure an augury ! you would fain
sooth me, my Lord, out of my flood of sorrows ;
what reparation can that make my honour,
though he have tasted punishment?

Mu. His life
is fain the off-spring of thy chasticie ;
which his hot lust polluted : nay, *Caropia*,

to save himself, when he but felt the torment applied to his lascivious eies; although at first he did with impudence acknowledge thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue, protested, only 'twas to save thy honor, he took on him thy rape, when with consent and not constrain'd, thou yeildedst to the looseness of his wild vicious flames.

Car. Could he be so unjust, my Lord?

Mu. He was, and he has paid for't; the malicious Souldier, while he was a losing his eies, made violent head to bring him rescue, which pul'd his ruine on him. But no more of such a prodigie; may his black memorie perish even with his ashes. My *Caropia*, the flourishing trees widow'd by winters violence of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once, put forth again with new and virgin freshness, their bushie beauties; it should be thy emblem. Display agen those chaste immaculate glories, which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd and I'll agen be wedded to thy virtues, with as much joy, as when thou first enrich'd me with their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dul, and dost not gratulate with happie welcoms, the triumphs of thy vengeance.

Car. Are you sure, my Lord, the Prince is dead?

Mu. Pish, I beheld him breathlesse. Take comfort best *Caropia*, thy disgrace did with his loath'd breath vanish.

Car. I could wish though, that he had falne by your particular vengeance, rather then by th' laws rigor; you're a Souldier of glorie, great in war for brave performance: me thinks 't had been far nobler, had you call'd him to personal satisfaction: had I been your husband, you my wife, and ravished by him; my resolution would have arm'd my courage to've stroke him thus: The dead Prince sends you that.

Mu. O, I am slain!

Car. Would it were possible to kil even thy eternitie. Sweet Prince, how shal I satisfie thy unhappie ruins! Ha, not yet breathlesse! To increase thy anguish

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even to despair, know, *Abilqualis* was more dear to me, then thy foul selfe was odious, and did enjoy me freely.

Mu. That I had but breath enough to blast thee.

Car. 'Twas his brother (curse on his art) seduc'd me to accuse him of my rape. Do you groane, prodigie! take this as my last bountie.

Stab again.

Enter Perilinda.

Per. O Madam, Madam, what shal we do? the house is round beset with Souldiers; Madam, they do sweare they'le tear my Lord, for the sweet Princes death, in pieces.

Car. This hand has sav'd their furie that just labour: yet I'le make use of their malice, help to convey him into's Chamber.

Enter Osman, Gasseller, Souldiers.

Gasf. Where is this villain, this traitor *Mura*?

Car. Heaven knowes what violence their furie may assault me with; be't death, 't shall be as welcome, as sound healthful sleeps to men oppress'd with sicknesse. What's the matter? what means this outrage?

Os. Marry, Ladie gay, We're come to cut your little throat; pox on you, and all your sex; you've caus'd the noble Princes death, wild-fire take you fort, weel talk with you at better leisure: you must needs be ravished! and could not like an honest woman, take the curtesie in friendly sort!

Gasf. Wetrifle: her husband may escape us. Say, where is he? or you shall die, ere you can pray

Sold. Here, here I have found the villain! what, do you sleep so soundly? ne're wake more, this for the Prince, you rogue: let's tear him piECEmeale. Do you take your death in silence, dog!

Car. You appear indow'd with some humanitie, you have tane his life; let not your hate last after death; let me embalm his bodie with my tears, or kil me with him.

Os. Now you've said the word,

now

we care not if we do.

Enter Tarifa.

Tar. Slaves, unhand
the Ladie, who dares offer her least violence,
from this hand meets his punishment. *Gaselles,*
Ozman, I thought you had been better temper'd,
then thus to raise up mutinies. In the name
of *Abrahen* our now Caliph, I command you,
desist from these rebellious practices,
and quietly retire into the Camp,
and there expect his pleasure.

Gas. *Abrahen* Caliph !

There is some hopes then, we shall gaine our pardons :
Long live great *Abrahen*. Souldiers, slink away,
our vow is consummate.

Car. O my deare Lord !

Tar. Be gone.

Of. Yes, as quietly
as if we were in flight before the foe ;
the general pardon at the coronation ,
wil bring us off, I'me sure.

Tar. Alas, good Madam !

I'me sorrie that these miseries have faln
with so much rigor on you ; pray take comfort :
your husband prosecuted with too much violence
Prince *Abilqualis's* ruine.

Car. It appeared so !
what worlds of woes have hapless I given life to ;
and yet survive them !

Tar. Do not with such furie
torment your innocent self. I'me sure the Emperor
Abrahen, wil number 't'mongst his greatest sorrows,
that he has lost your husband. I must give him
notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you,
and settle your distractions.

Car. not until
I'me settled in my peaceful urne. This is yet
some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes,
that do overwhelm me for the Princes death,
that I reveng'd it safely ; though I prize
my life at no more value then a foolish
ignorant Indian does a Diamond,
which for a bead of Jet or glasse, he changes :
Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,
more noble braverie, to take revenge
for my Lord *Abilqualis's* timelesse slaughter.

I must use craft and mysterie. Dissembling
is held the natural qualitie of our Sex,
nor wil't be hard to practice. This same *Abraham*
that by his brothers ruine waulds the Scepter,
whether out of his innocence or malice,
'twas that perswaded me to accuse him of
my rape. The die is cast, I am resolv'd
to thee my *Abilqualis* I wil come.
A death for love, 's no death but Martyrdom. *Exit*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA I.

*Enter Abilqualis, Selinthus, Gasselles, Osman,
Souldiers, and Mus.*

Abil. NO more, good faithful Souldiers, thank the powers
divine, has brought me back to you in safety;
the traitorous practises against our life,
and our deare fathers, poison'd by our brothers;
we have discoverd, and shall take just vengeance
on the unnar'al paricide: Retire
into your tents, and peacefully expect
the event of things, you *Osman* and *Gasselles*
shall into th' Citie with me.

Os. We wil march
through the world with thee, dear Sovereign,
great *Abilqualis*.

Abil. Selinthus,
give you our dear *Tarifa* speedie notice
we are again among the living: pray him
to let our loyal Subjects in the Citie,
have sure intelligence of our escape;
and dearest friends and fellowes, let not your
too loud expressions of your joy, for our
unlook'd for welfare, subject to discoverie
our unexpected safety.

Sel. Never fear: they'r trustie Mirmidons, and wil stick close
to you their dear *Achilles*; but my Lord,
the wisest may imagine it were safer
for you to rest here 'mong your armed legions,
then to intrust your person in the City,
whereas it seems by the pass'd storie, you'le
not know friends from enemies.

Abil

Abil. Selinthis,

Thy honest care declares the zealous duty
thou ow'st thy Sovereign: but what danger can
assault us there, where there is none suspects
we are alive? we'll go surveigh the state
of things, i'th' morning we will seize the Palace,
and then proclaim our Right. Come, valiant Captains,
you shall be our companions.

Gaf. And we'll guard you
safe, as you were encompass'd with an Army.

Sel. You guard your own fools heads: Is't fit his safety,
on which our lives and fortunes have dependance,
should be expos'd unto your single valour?

Pray once let your friends rule you, that you may
rule them hereafter. Your good brother *Abraham*
has a strong faction, it should seem i'th' Court:
and those these Blood-hounds follow'd the sent holy
till they had worried *Mura*. He has other
allies of no mean consequence; your Eunuch
Mefishes his chief Favourite, and *Simanthes*.

Abil. It was that Villain that betray'd my Love
to him and slaught' red *Mura*.

Sel. Very likely.

An arranter, falser Parasite, never was
cut like a Colt. Pray Sir, be wise this once,
at my intreaties; and for ever after
use your discretion as you please: these night works
I do not like; yet e're the morning I will bring
Tarifa to you.

Abil. You shall o're rule us. Poor *Caropia* these
thoughts are thy vor'ries; love thy active fire,
flames out when present, absent in desire.

Exeunt.

Scen. 2. Enter *Abraham*, *Simanthes* and *Mefishes*.

Abr. What State and Dignitie's like that of Scepters?
With what an awful Majesty resembles it
the Powers above? the inhabitants of that
Superior world are not more subject
to them, then these to us; they can but tremble
when they do speak in thunder; at our frowns
these shake like Lambs at lightning. Can it be
impiety by any means to purchase
this earthly Deity, Sovereignty. I did sleep

this

this night with as secure and calme a peace,
as in my former innocence. Conscience,
thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears
of Cowardise, a sad and fond remembrance,
which men should shun, as Elephants clear Springs,
lest they behold their own deformities,
and start at their grim shadows. Ha, *Mefishes!*

Mef. My Royal Lord!

Abr. Call me thy Friend, *Mefishes*,
thou equally dost share our heart, best Eunuch;
there is not in the stock of earthly blessings
another I could wish to make my state
completely fortunate, but one; and to
atchieve possession of that blis, thy diligence
must be the fortunate Instrument.

Mef. Be it dangerous
as the affrights Sea men do saie in Tempests,
I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign,
and perish, but effect it,

Abr. No, there is
not the least shew of peril in't; 'tis the want
of fair *Caropia's* long covered beauties,
that doth afflict thy *Abraben*. Love, *Mefishes*,
is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd
with that felicity, that are other passions,
and creeps upon us by those ambushes,
that we perceive our selves sooner in love,
then we can think upon the way of loving.
The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes
where they have long layn hid; like the young Phoenix
that from her spicie pile revives more glorious.
Nor can I now extinguisht; it has pass'd
the limits of my reason, and intend
my wil, where like a fixt Star 't settles,
never to be removed thence.

Mef. Cease your fears;
I that could win her for your brother, who
could not boast half your masculine Perfections,
for you will vanquish her.

Sim. My Lord, the widow
of slaughtered *Mura*, fair *Caropia* does
humbly intreat access to your dread presence;
Shall we permit her entrance?

Abr. With all freedom

and best regard. *Mefishes*, this arrives
beyond our wish. I'll trie my eloquence
in my own cause; and if I fail, thou then
shalt be my Advocate.

Mef. Your humblest vassal.

Abr. With-draw and leave us, and give strict order
none approach our presence

till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows

should be survey'd by common eie. *Caropia, welcom;*

and would we could as easily give thee comfort

as we allow thee more then moderate pities

In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre;

then sparkling rocks of Diamonds inclos'd

in swelling seas of Pearl.

Car. Your Majestie

is pleas'd to wanton with my miseries,

which truly you, if you have nature in you,

ought to bear equal part in your deer brothers

untimely losse, occasion'd by my falshood,

and your improvident counsel: 'Tis that calls

these hearty sorrows up, I am his Murtheresse.

Abr. 'Twas his own destinie, nor our bad intentions

took him away from earth; he was too heavenly,

fit only for th' societic of Angels,

'mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,

celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties,

that those immortal essences forget

to love each other by intelligence,

and doat on the Idea of thy Sweetnesse.

Car. These gentle blamings, and his innocent carriage

had I as much of malice as a Tigresse

rob'd of her young, would melt me into meeknesse;

But I'll not be a woman.

Abr. Sing out, Angel,

and charm the world (were it at mortal difference)

to peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs

are those that steal through those pure rose organs;

like aromattick west-winds; when they flie

through fruitful mists of fragrant mornings dew;

to get the Spring with child of flowers and spices?

Disperse these clouds, that like the vail of night,

with unbecoming darknesse shade thy beauties,

and strike a new day from those orient eies,

to gild the world with brightnesse.

Car. Sir,

Car. Sir, these flatteries
neither besit the ears of my true sorrow,
nor yet the utterance of that real sadness
should dwell in you. Are these the funeral rites
you pay the memorie of your roiall Father,
and much lamented Brother?

Abr. They were mortall,
and to lament them, were to shew I envi'd
th' immortal joyes of that true happinesse
their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)
possess to perpetuities and fulnesse.
Besides, (*Caropia*) I have other griefs
more neer my heart, that circle 't with a sickness
will shortly number me among their fellowship,
if speedier remedie be not apply'd
to my most desprate maladic.

Car. I shall
(if my hand fail not my determin'd courage)
send you to their societie far sooner
then you expect or cover. Why, great Sir,
what grief, unlesse your sorrow for their losse,
is't can afflict you, that command all blessings
men wittie in ambition of excesse
can wish, to please their fancies?

Abr. The want only
of that which I've so long desir'd; thy love,
thy love, *Caropia*, without which my Empire,
and all the pleasures flowing from its greatnesse,
will be but burdens, souls tormenting troubles.
There's not a beam shot from those grief drownd Comets
but (like the Sun's, when they break forth of showers)
dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never
doated before on thy divine perfections,
viewing thy beautie thus adorn'd by sadness;
my heart, though marble, & squared to softnesse,
would burn like sacred incense, or falling
the Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice.

Car. This is
as unexpected, as unwelcome. Sir,
Howere you're pleas'd to mock me and my grief
with these impertinent, unmeant discourtesies,
I cannot have so prodigious fault
to give them the least credit, and thus
unkindly done, thus to wound my sorrow.

the virgin Turtles hate to joyn their pureness
with widow'd mates; my Lord, you are a Prince,
and such as much detest to utter falsehoods,
as Saints do perjuries: why should you strive then
to lay a bait to capivate my affections, when your
greatnesse conjoin'd with your youths masculine beauties,
are to a womans frailtie, strong temptations.
You know the storie too of my misfortunes,
that your dead brother, did with vicious loose-ness,
corrupt the chaste streams of my spotlesse vertues,
and left me soiled like a long pluck'd rose,
whose leaves dislever'd, have forgon their sweetnesse.

Abr. Thou hast not (my *Caropia*) thou to me
art for thy sent stil fragrant, and as precious
as the prime virgins of the Spring, the violets,
when they do first display their early beauties,
til all the winds in love, do grow contentious,
which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.
Caropia, thinkst thou I should fear the Nuptial
of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brothers?
As I succeeded him in all his glories, I would
'tis fit I do succeed him in his love.
'Tis true, I know thy fame fel by his practice,
which had he liv'd, hee'd have restored by marriage,
by it repair'd thy injur'd honors ruines.
I'me bound to do it in religious conscience;
It is a debt his incens'd ghost would quarrel
me living for, should I not paye with fulnesse.

Car. Of what frail temper is a womans weaknesse
words writ in waters, have more lasting Essence,
then our determinations.

Abr. Come, I know,
thou must be gentle, I perceive a combat
in thy soft heart, by th' intervening blushes
that strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,
and drive the lovely liverie of thy sorrows,
the Ivorie paleness, out of them. Think, *Caropia*,
with what a settled unrevolving truth

I have affected thee; with what heat, what pureness;
and when upon mature considerations,
I found I was unworthie to enjoy
a treasure of such excellent grace and goodness,
I did desist, smothering my love in anguish;
anguish! to which the soul of humane torments

compar'd, were pains not easie, but delicious;
yet still the secret flames of my affections,
like hidden virtues in some bashful man,
grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.
Thou wert created only for an Empreſſe;
despise not then thy destinie, now greatnesse,
love, Empire, and what ere may be held glorious,
courts thy acceptance like obedient Vassals.

Car. I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts
tel me, tis folly to refuse these proffers:
to put off my mortalitie, the pleasures
of life, which like ful streams, do flow from greatnesse,
to wander i'th' unpeopled air, to keep
societie with ghastly apparitions,
where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors
breaths to delight our ears, and all this for
the fame of a felt murtheress. I have blood
enough alreadie on my soul, more then
my tears can e're wash off. My roial Lord,
if you can be so merciful and gracious,
to take a woman laden with afflictions,
big with true sorrow, and religious penitence
for her amiss, her life and after actions,
shal studie to deserve your love. But surely
this is not serious.

Abr. Not the vows which votaries
make to the powers above, can be more fraught
with binding sanctitie.
This holy kiss
confirms our mutual vows: never til now
was I true Caliph of Arabia.

Enter, Enter, Enter.

Abr. Ha, what tumult's that!
Be you all furies, and thou the great ft of diuels,
Abraben wil stand you all, unmov'd as mountain.
This good sword
if you be air, shal disinchant you from
your borrow'd figures.

Abil. No, ill-natur'd monster,
we're all corporeal, and survive to take
revenge on thy inhumane acts, at name
of which, the bashful elements do shake
as if they teem'd with prodigies. Doſt not tremble
at thy inhumane villainies? Dear *Caropia*,

quit the infectious viper, lest his touch
poison thee past recovery.

Abr. No, she shall not;
nor you, until this body be one wound.
Lay a rude hand upon me! *Abil.* *Qualit*
how ere thou scapst my practices with life,
I am not now to question; we were both
sons to one father, whom, for love of Empire
when I beleev'd thee strangled by those Muts,
I sent to his eternal rest; nor do I
repent the fact yet, I have been titled *Caliph*
a day, which is to my ambitious thoughts,
honor enough to eternize my big name
to all posteritie. I know thou art
of valiant noble soul; let not thy brother
fal by ignoble hands, oppress'd by number;
draw thy bright weapon; as thou art in Empire,
thou art my rival in this Ladies love,
whom I esteem above all joys of life:
for her and for this Monarchie, let's trie
our strengths and fates: the impartial fates
to him, who has the better cause, in justice
must needs design the victorie.

Abil. In this offer,
though it proceed from desperatensse, not valor;
thou showst a masculine courage, and we will not
render our cause so object as to doubt,
but our just arme has strength to punish
thy most unheard of treacheries.

Tar. But you shall not
be so unjust to us and to your right,
to try your causes most undoubted Justice,
gainst the despairing ruffian; Souldiers, put
the Lady from him, and disarm him.

Abil. Stay!
though he doth merit multitudes of death;
we would not murder his eternitie
by sudden execution; yeild your self,
and we'll allow you libertie of life,
til by repentance you have purg'd your sin;
and so if possible, redeem your soul
from future punishment.

Abr. Pish, tel fools of souls,
and those effemin ate cowards that do dreame

of those fantastick other worlds: there is
not such a thing in nature; all the soul
of man is resolution, which expires
never from valiant men, till their last breath,
and then with it like to a flame extinguish'd
for want of matter, 't does not dy, but rather
ceases to live. Injoy in peace your Empire,
and as a legacy of *Abrahams* love,
take this fair Lady to your Bride.

Abil. Inhumane Butcher!
has slain the Lady. Look up, best *Caropia*,
run for our surgeons: I'll give half my Empire
to save her precious life.

Abr. She has enough,
or mine aym fail'd me, to procure her passage,
to the eternal dwellings: nor is this
cruelty in me; I alone was worthy
to have injoy'd her beauties. Make good haste
Caropia, or my soul, if I have any,
will hover for thee in the clouds. This was
the fatal engine which betray'd our father
to his untimely death, made by *Simanthes*
for your use, *Abilqualir*: and who has this
about him and would be a slave to your base mercy,
deserved death more than by dayly tortures;
and thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all.

Tar. Damn'd desperate villain.

Abil. O my dear *Caropia*,
my Empire now will be unpleasing to me
since I must lose thy company. This surgeon,
where's this surgeon?

Sel. Drunk perhaps.

Car. 'Tis but needlesse,
no humane help can save me: yet me thinks
I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your
imbraces. I should utter something,
and I have strength enough, I hope, left yet
to effect my purpose. In revenge for your
suppos'd death, my lov'd Lord, I slew my husband,

Abil. I'me sorry thou hast that sin to charge thy soul with,
'twas rumour'd by the souldiers.

Sel. Couzens mine, your necks are safe agen now.

Car. And came hither
with an intent to have for your sake slain your brother

Abreben.

Abraham, had not his curtesie and winning carriage
alter'd my resolution, with this poniard
I'de struck him here about the heart.

Abil. O I am slain, *Caropis*,
and by thy hand. Heavens, you are just, this is
revenge for thy dear honor, which I murdered,
though thou wer't consenting to it.

Car. True, I was so,
and not repent, it yet, my sole ambition
was to have liv'd an Empreffe, which since fate
would not allow, I was resolv'd, no woman,
after my selfe should ere enjoy that glory,
you dear *Abilqualis*: which since my
weak strength has serv'd me to performe, I dye
willingly as an infant. O now I faint,
life's death to those that keep it by constraint.

Tar. My dear Lord,
is there no hopes of life? must we be wretched?

Abil. Happier, my *Tarifa*, by my death:
but yesterday I playd the part in it,
which I now act in earnest. My *Tarifa*,
the Empire's thine, I'me sure thou'lt rule
with justice, and make the subject happy. Thou hast a Son
of hopefull growing vertues to succeed thee,
commend me to him, and from me intreat him
to shun the temptings of lascivious glances.

Sel. 'Las good Prince!
hee'de dy indeed. I fear, he is so full
of serious thoughts and Counsels.

Abil. For this slaughtred body,
let it have decent burial with slain *Muras*,
but let not *Abrahams* corps have so much honor
to come ith' royal monument: lay mine
by my dear fathers: for that trecherous Eunuch,
and Lord *Simanthes*, use them as thy justice
tells thee they have merited; for Lord *Selintus*,
advance him (my *Tarifa*) hee's of faithfull
and well deserving vertues.

Sel. So I am,
I thought t'would come to me anon:
poor Prince, I e'ne could dy with him.

Abil. And for those souldiers, and those our most faithfull
Murs, that my life once sav'd, let them be
well rewarded; death and I are almost now

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at unitie. Farewell.

dyes.

Tar. Sufe I shall not
survive these sorrows long. Muts, take those Traitors
to prison; we will shortly passe their sentence,
which shall be death inevitable. Take up
that fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,
and see it burn'd, *Gafelles*. Gentlemen,
Fate has made us your King against our wishes.

Sol. Long live *Tarifa*, Caliph of *Arabia*.

Tar. We have no time now for your acclamations;
these are black sorrows Festival. Bear off
in state that royal Bodie; for the other,
since twas his will, let them have burial,
but in obscuritie. By this it may,
as by an ev'dent rule be understood,
they're onely truly great, wh' are truly good.

Recorders
Flourish.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

I'M much displeas'd the Poet has made me
The Epilogue to his sad Tragedie.
Would I had dy'd honestly amongst the rest,
Rather then live to th' last, now to be prest
To death by your hard Censures. Pray you say,
What is it you dislike so in this Play,
That none applaude? Believe it, I should faint,
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint
From the sad qualms. What pow'r is in your breath,
That you can save alive, and doom to death,
Even whom you please? thus are your judgments free,
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.
But if death be the word, I pray bestow it
Where it best fits. Hang up the Poet.